

Blue Fire

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/9340040) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/9340040>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	방탄소년단 Bangtan Boys BTS
Relationship:	Min Yoongi Suga/Park Jimin
Characters:	Min Yoongi Suga , Park Jimin (BTS) , Jeon Jungkook , Kim Namjoon Rap Monster , Kim Taehyung V
Additional Tags:	Mythology - Freeform , yoonmin , Alternate Universe , Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Fantasy , Greek gods , god!Yoongi , god!jimin , Yoongi is Hades , jimin is persephone , Hades and Persephone , Afterlife , Spring , Seasons , Angst , Fluff , lonely , Fluff and Angst , Angst and Fluff , Feels , Love , friends - Freeform , King - Freeform , Gods , Greek Mythology - Freeform
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-01-16 Words: 3,874 Chapters: 1/1

Blue Fire

by [styongi](#)

Summary

They think Yoongi stole him.
They think Yoongi brainwashed him.
They think Yoongi would let them take him back.
They think Yoongi was torturing him.
They were never so wrong in their immortal lives.

[or Yoongi is the god of the underworld and Jimin is the god of the harvest and Jimin needs to escape.]

Notes

I fell into a deep Hades and Persephone hole.

Tumblr: [@St-Yoongi](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Yoongi was alone in the afterlife. That is what happens when you're the god of the underworld. While his brothers ruled the colorful and bright toys above the ground, Yoongi was stuck in the cold and barren afterlife.

He became accustomed to the screams and cries from the dead, became accustomed with foolish people begging for their loved one's life back. Yoongi would sometimes make it a challenge for them, playing with them like they are his toys. No one has been able to revive the dead yet.

But it was boring down there. In the heavens, his brothers and sisters were marrying and having children with each other and getting involved with the mortals. It was a mess, so maybe it was a good thing Yoongi was tasked to rule down here.

He was swirling his drink while looking down his well of demented souls when he heard the growling of his dogs. Yoongi scrunched his face before turning and heading to the entrance to his world. His dark clothing made him blend in as blue hellfire illuminated his face.

Once he had gotten to the entrance he called his dogs off with a silent wave. He was bored today, usually he would have his dogs eat the trespasser but Yoongi was selfish and wanted the fun to himself. What he wasn't expecting his brother's son to be standing there. Yoongi's nephew.

Jimin stood there, looking bored and looking around.

The boy was no shorter than Yoongi was himself, with blond short hair and dark, almost black, eyes. Yoongi was in no mood to talk to this god. Yoongi was about to send him away when he heard his servants approach, the clanking broken chains hitting the floor. Millennials of training and torture from the gods above had the servants cruel and obedient, all on the brink of death Yoongi had swooped in and taken them and let them reside in his realm. Most had their chains taken off, while some refused to take them off. They say that it is a token of what Yoongi had saved them from.

"Your brother wishes to speak to you," Taehyung, the youngest of his servants, was never afraid to approach Yoongi. Yoongi sometimes enjoyed that after centuries and millennia alone.

Yoongi sighed. "Send my regards, for I not wish to speak to him."

"Of course," Taehyung bowed his head. It was probably Jimin's father trying to contact him.

Yoongi turned back to the intruder to see that he did not leave yet. "What is it you want?" Yoongi wanted him to leave so he can go back and mope around his realm.

"Nothing," the boy said. "Just trying to escape my father. He obviously can't get in here, right? What a nice place! Is it like this every season?"

Yoongi held back from scoffing. "You need to leave; your mother will be pissed."

Jimin looked over his shoulder, looking towards the exit. “Can’t say that I care too much,” Jimin replied. “They can’t teleport here right?”

“Listen, I’m not a therapist or hiding you here.”

“I want a friend,” Jimin said. “Do you know my father is trying to marry me to my sister? Dara is okay with it too!”

Yoongi almost choked on his drink. Taehyung had not fully left the grand room yet and nearly tripped over his own feet, eavesdropping on the conversation. Yoongi made a mental note to give a light scolding to the servant, even though he was likely to forget.

After Yoongi was done with his coughing fit he looked at the boy with a confused expression. “*Your mother?* The goddess of love is making you marry your sister?”

“Sickening,” Jimin responded. “Do you know that incest in the mortal world has health consequences? Weird, right?”

Yoongi was silent for a moment. “Can you leave?”

“What?” Jimin frowned. “Can’t I stay? For a little bit?”

“No.”

After that situation Yoongi was quite bored again, having wished he’s taken up the boy’s offer. All he wanted was an escape? Yoongi reminded himself that he could talk to any of his servants yet he wished to talk to that young god.

That is when the dogs started to bark again and Yoongi groaned. Taehyung was dusting the fireplace mantle in the same room so Yoongi sent him to see who was intruding. Mortals these days have guts to trespass. Any other god or goddess would have incinerated them by now.

“Master,” Taehyung made his presence known. “It is Jimin, he came a few days ago as well. Shall I send him away?”

If Yoongi had a heartbeat, he would have sworn it skipped a beat. “No,” Yoongi stood up and brushed off his dark clothing. “Will you mind feeding the dogs though? They seem to be teased with the scent of intruders.”

Taehyung gave a slight smile. “Of course,” he replied.

Yoongi then made his way to greet the foolish god.

“I said no,” Yoongi said right as he spotted him, feet away.

The boy looked paler than before and more upset. Red lined his eyes and his lips were in a frown this time. He was not scared, he was sad. “I wanted to visit,” the boy replied. “You must be alone, right? The others say how you’re alone you are.”

Yoongi’s expression did not falter.

Yoongi took a breath and looked at the ground. “Fine. Come with me if you are sure,” Yoongi turned around and began to walk away. Jimin, without hesitation, followed quickly. Yoongi was not surprised.

“Making friends is hard.” Jimin commented. “Everyone up there is a prick.”

Yoongi was nodded. “All they do is fuck, fuck, fuck. I’m happy to be free from them.”

“Will you free me?” Jimin asked.

“Yes.”

“Master, may I voice my concerns?” Taehyung had said one day, making the bed.

Yoongi adjusted his hair in the mirror, his face illuminated by blue flames. “Is it about Jimin?” It had been weeks since Jimin had been to the underworld. He seemed to enjoy it and Yoongi enjoyed talking to him. Jimin came and went as he please, sometimes bringing gifts back for Yoongi. He brought Taehyung back a silver necklace. Taehyung hasn’t taken it off since.

Taehyung also enjoyed listening to Jimin’s tales of the mortal world he visited and since Yoongi could not always be there to listen, he was happy Taehyung was there.

“Do you think it is safe for him to be here?” Taehyung asked, looking over his shoulder to his master. “Won’t your siblings be a threat? His mother must be having a fit.”

Yoongi selfishly always pushed away that thought. He strolled over to the window of his chamber where he looked out to see all his realm before him. “I will fight to keep him safe,” Yoongi replied. “Just like I fought to keep you safe.”

Taehyung’s master had done terrifying horrors to the boys. Scars that would never fully heal coated his body. From burns, to cuts, to his mental health. Taehyung was tasked with many impossible jobs, and when he could not complete them his master enjoyed watching his suffer. Sometimes he would be whipped and chained, other times his master would have the other stronger servants fuck him until he couldn’t walk, speak, or cry anymore.

Taehyung never reflected on those times. Yoongi never blamed him. Taehyung however said that in those moments he felt the most human and Yoongi predicted that he felt more human talking to Jimin too, at a much less cost on himself.

“I will always be in your debt,” Taehyung said quietly. “But he’s a god.”

Yoongi shook his head. “What they do up there is sickening and I want no part of it,” Yoongi turned to Taehyung and put a hand on his shoulder. “Jimin wants a sanctuary, I will give him one. No one can take him if they don’t know.”

Taehyung nodded. “He was lonely in the realms above. Shunned by the rest of the gods.”

Yoongi sighed. “As was I in my own realm.”

Jimin had picked up flowers in the field on the walk back to the underworld. A mix of yellow, blue, and red. Yoongi had mentioned that he liked the color blue. Jimin didn’t know if it was because of the fire in his realm or not. He didn’t question it.

Jimin would grow a whole garden for Yoongi, if that was what he wanted. Jimin wasn’t the god of harvest for nothing.

The dogs now greeted Jimin at the entrance and Jimin would always throw some chicken their way, Yoongi scolded him once but Taehyung said it was the dogs’ favorite. Yoongi just did not want Jimin to worry about the dogs or anything that went on in the underworld. He was a guest.

When Jimin had entered the massive house, he had noticed that it was unusually quiet. He looked around before going up the stairs to knock of the god’s door. *Was he working now?* Jimin wouldn’t be surprised. Yoongi still had work to do as a god, he had a handful of servants that ran the house but only a few ran the dead.

“Jimin?”

Jimin turned to see that Yoongi was walking on the other end of the hallways. Jimin gave a beaming smile before meeting him halfway. “Hello,” Jimin smiled. Yoongi wanted to fall to his knees right there. Jimin was beautiful, in his silky pink shirt and light pants, the smile that graced his face. Jimin was color in a world of darkness. Yoongi was death and Jimin was revival. “I brought you flowers.”

Yoongi eyes the sight of the flowers, his lips parting slightly before smiling widely and accepting the fragile flowers. Without a sun in his realm he heard they would die, that was all Yoongi was good for. Watching things die. He would pull some strings though, the strings of magic, and make the flowers thrive.

“Thank you,” Yoongi replied. It was a small jester. Others have done outrageous and marvelous jesters to get a favor from the god of the underworld. Jimin on the other hand asked for no favors, just a friend, just sanctuary. This jester may have been the nicest thing anyone had done for him. “Thank you.”

Yoongi feared what the meeting with his siblings later would bring.

They thought Yoongi stole him.

They thought Yoongi brainwashed him.

They thought Yoongi would let them take him.

They thought Yoongi was torturing him.

They were never so wrong in their immortal lives.

Yoongi had walked into his bedroom to see that it was dark and with one snap of his fingers the candles were lit with blue flames. On his nightstand stood a clear glass vase, full of colorful flowers, and beside on the bed laid the blond god, asleep.

Yoongi felt his heart sink. He was going to have to do something, and he didn't know if he was going to do the right thing.

Pulling the blanket from under Jimin, Yoongi tucked the boy in and placed a kiss on his head before moving towards the window of his chamber and looking out. He suddenly hated being god of the underworld.

He stayed sitting there for a while until Taehyung crept into the room to drop off clean clothes for Jimin. Once he saw Yoongi he quickly bowed and apologized. Yoongi just sighed and looked away. “Are you okay?” Taehyung asked.

Yoongi adjusted in his seat and patted the space in front of him on the bench. Taehyung took the seat warily before Yoongi began talking. “They found out,” Yoongi said quietly. “They want to take him.”

Throughout the whole meeting Yoongi gripped the table and felt like lighting the entire place on fire. He already hated his siblings and he hated the servants they brought in chains with cuts and bruises all over their body. The servants were only allowed to shuffle because of the thick and heavy chains.

Namjoon said that if Yoongi does not hand over his son then they will take him by force. After that was said Yoongi transported out, only leaving a smoke cloud behind. He instead landed in the middle of the rocky realm and cried. Never had Yoongi cried in his life, and he cried until he felt exhausted and too weak to cry anymore.

Yoongi then trudged a mile back to his house.

“They think I stole him,” Yoongi whispered.

Taehyung looked out the window. “You have to protect him. For—”

“I *know*,” Yoongi sighed, rubbing his eyes. “I know.”

“He’s helping you,” Taehyung said. “You’re happy now. You’re changing.” Yoongi lusted for the sun on his skin, for his immortal life to not to be in the barren wasteland. Yoongi wanted to give Jimin everything that *wasn’t* in the underworld. “What are you going to do?”

Yoongi gulped. “I know what you’re thinking,” Yoongi said. “And if I do that then you know he can’t leave. And you know how that feels, you want to go and live your life out in the mortal world but you *can’t*.”

“I am forever grateful for what you have done for me,” Taehyung says. “And being here is not a burden. I rather be here than in their hands. He will not be safe if you just let him go. He’ll be married to Dara..”

Yoongi knew that.

The next morning Jimin woke up to see the flowers still alive next to the bedside. The sight warmed his heart but then when he turned he saw the pale and small god peacefully asleep. Jimin smiled even wider as he flipped over to face the immortal.

Jimin’s smile was instantly lost when he remembered the night before when he was half asleep. *The found out. They want him. They think I stole him.* Jimin snuggled deeper into the bed, as if hiding from the conflict. *He hated his mother and he hated his sister.* Jimin then moved closer to Yoongi and laid his head on his chest. Jimin knew he was in dangerous territory but he didn’t seem to care.

“Yoongi?” Jimin whispered, looking up. Yoongi stirred but didn’t open his eyes. “Yoongi.”

Yoongi then opened his tired eyes and looked down at Jimin. Jimin gave Yoongi a soft smile and Yoongi gave one back, confused by the situation. “Yeah?”

Jimin was silent for a moment before scooting closer to Yoongi. “I want to cuddle,” Jimin muttered, closing his eyes. Yoongi’s arms wrapped around Jimin’s body. Yoongi hummed and buried his face in Jimin’s blond hair, sniffing the fresh spring scent that remained, and rubbing Jimin’s back.

“I want to stay,” Jimin muttered into Yoongi’s chest. “Please.” Yoongi’s hands froze where they were when reality hit him. *He heard.* Yoongi then sat up, pushing Jimin to the side.

Jimin realized his mistake quickly as he sat up as well. “I’m sorry,” Jimin quickly said. “You—you and Tae were talking and I was awake. I’m sorry.”

Yoongi didn’t respond and Jimin was petrified now. Yoongi’s expression was unreadable and for Jimin who got excellent at reading his expressions it was heart wrenching.

“Why do you want to stay?” Yoongi whispered.

Jimin tried to get closer to Yoongi and when Yoongi didn’t move away Jimin leaned his head on Yoongi’s shoulder. “*You.*”

Yoongi’s hand then linked with Jimin’s. “I don’t want you to do things when you don’t want to.”

“The seeds,” Jimin said urgently, holding onto Yoongi’s other hand. “Let me do it. Please don’t make me go back. I want to stay.”

“Jimin...”

“Yoongi.”

A moment of silence. Then “get dressed, I’ll be downstairs waiting.” Yoongi placed a small kiss on the top of Jimin’s head before detaching himself and leaving.

Jimin waited a moment before getting out of bed and putting on the clothes that were left for him. A pale white shirt with light pants. Yoongi mentioned getting him his own wardrobe several times and Jimin had no idea if he meant it.

Ruffling his light hair, Jimin left Yoongi’s chamber and quickly ran down the stairs, careful not to trip over his own feet. Not seeing anyone around Jimin went into the kitchen to see Taehyung preparing food for the dogs. “Hello,” Taehyung smiled.

“Hey,” Jimin replied. “Has Yoongi come down here?”

Taehyung nodded. “He went to the basement to get something, he should be up any moment now.” Taehyung set aside the dogs’ food. “Sit, I’ll make you some food.”

Jimin took a seat at the table and waited patiently, playing with his fingers. Right as Taehyung placed the food in front of Jimin, Yoongi had walked into the kitchen. “Taehyung, can you leave us for a few minutes?” Taehyung nodded before taking the food for the dogs and leaving.

In Yoongi’s hand was a red fruit, he was swapping it hand-to-hand, nervous. “The seeds are sacred,” Yoongi says. “If you eat it then you’re tied here. Taehyung did it years and years ago.”

Jimin reached towards the fruit but Yoongi moved his hand away. “Are you sure about this?”

Jimin waited a single moment and looked right into Yoongi’s eyes. “Please.” Yoongi looked at the fruit in his hand and slowly handed it to Jimin. Jimin eyed the pomegranate before

cracking it open.

A pomegranate has around 613 seeds. Jimin wanted to eat every single one of them if it meant staying in the underworld. If it meant staying with Yoongi.

Yoongi wanted to smack the fruit out of his hand. He did not want Jimin to give away his life in the sun to stay in the underworld with him until the end of time. Yet Jimin did not mind, did not want to spend a moment away. With the screaming souls and trembling widows.

Jimin popped a seed into his mouth and swallowed it with no regrets.

Along with eleven more.

Yoongi wrapped his arms around Jimin the moment the latter stood from the table. Yoongi was trembling and crying, holding onto Jimin like his life depending on it. Jimin held back loosely, kissing the side of Yoongi's cheek. Jimin kissed Yoongi's jaw. "I love you," Jimin kissed Yoongi's nose. "And I want to be here with you. Please don't cry."

This is the touchiest Jimin has ever been. Yoongi cupped Jimin's face and leaned their foreheads together. "I want you here too," Yoongi sniffed. "I love you too." Yoongi kissed Jimin softly on the lips for a swift moment.

Yoongi placed a hand in Jimin's hair and toyed with the strands. "You can be the King of the Underworld if you want to."

Jimin hummed in amusement, not believing Yoongi.

Yoongi had never been more serious in his life.

Jimin stayed in the underworld for a few days, not leaving in fear of being taken. Jimin was smart though, he was a god—not a foolish spring god who doesn't know anything. That's how everyone usually viewed him.

Yoongi viewed him as equal though. Smart, cunning, elegant. Jimin practiced his magic however, growing flowers and trees and fruit behind the house. Yoongi and him would often sit there and enjoy the vegetation.

One day Yoongi was busy and Jimin followed him, watching what Yoongi did on a daily basis. Yoongi was giving orders to servants when Jimin's ears perked up with the sound of laughter. Jimin turned to see two servant creatures looking at him and snickering.

Jimin narrowed his eyes. "Is there a reason you're laughing?"

Yoongi then turned to see Jimin with his arms crossed. The servants, whom Yoongi always had trouble with, straightened up with grins. "Nope, our apologies spring goddess."

Yoongi opened his mouth to say something but then vines rooted from the floor and circled around the arms and legs of the servants. "You think I'm a fool now?" Jimin asked. After seconds of silence Jimin tightened the grip of the vines and the two began to blubber out their apologies. Jimin huffed and let down the vines and they disappeared.

The servants bowed before being waved off by Jimin. "I could never get them to listen to me," Yoongi said with his arms crossed. "They're illiterate fools."

Jimin huffed. "They all think I'm a fool," Jimin looked out to the transitioning souls. "I'm a *god*. I am logical and I am smart. Not just a pretty flower prince."

"I don't think that," Yoongi said. "Soon you'll have all of the underworld at your feet and calling you their king."

Jimin smiled at that.

It didn't last long until the dogs began to bark violently. Yoongi scowled and began to storm to the entrance to his realm. Jimin quickly followed next to him. The walk was short but Jimin wished he stayed behind.

"You heard what your brother said," Jungkook, the messenger god, smirked. "We're going to need the son."

Jimin scowled. "No."

Jungkook raised his eyebrows. "*No*? You have no choice boyo. Your mother wants you back and tasked me with that job."

Yoongi was ready to send Jungkook away but Jimin turned his back to the messenger. "I will stay here," Jimin snapped. "You can't take me."

"Leave," Yoongi ordered Jungkook. "If you're not bringing me the dead then you are not needed."

"They will wage war," Jungkook tutted, "Don't be a selfish fool."

Jimin looked over his shoulder. "Let them try."

Jungkook came expecting to find a fearful Jimin, crying and begging for an escape. Instead Jimin was thriving with the dead.

Yoongi covered Jimin's eyes as he lead the latter somewhere. Jimin kept complaining about not knowing what was going on. Yoongi kept shushing him sweetly. "For an immortal you have little patience."

Jimin laughed at that until Yoongi stopped him completely and uncovered his eyes. Jimin blinked at the newfound brightness and looked around.

His garden now was a field and it was bright and full of life. "Taehyung argued there was no way I can bring light to the realm and I quickly proved him wrong."

Jimin was gaping at the field and began to walk on the grass. "You did this?" Jimin bent down and touched the grass. Instantaneously flowers bloomed in a circle around Jimin. Yoongi couldn't keep down his smile.

"For you," Yoongi stayed planted where he was, not wanting to cause death to the life Jimin brought.

Jimin looked back at him and raised an arm toward Yoongi, beckoning him to come. Yoongi shook his head but then Jimin stood and pulled Yoongi into the grassy field. Yoongi expected to find dead grass at his feet but instead found no change.

Jimin then sat the two of them on the grass and surrounded them with flowers. Yoongi looked around, eyes sparkling with the newfound light. Jimin, on the other hand, began to weave flowers and grass together into a miraculous crown.

Yoongi looked at him with confusion when Jimin placed it on his head.

"If I am your King of the Underworld then you shall be my King of the Spring," Jimin said.

Jimin had the underworld bowing at his feet, along with the ruler. Yoongi would be Jimin's king if that was what he wanted.

Dark and Light.

Death and Revival.

Yoongi and Jimin.

End Notes

I hoped you enjoyed it! This was pretty long oml.
Thank you all so much though!

Tumblr: [@St-Yoongi](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!